A

Mixt Poem

Partly Hiſtoricall, Partly Panegyricall,

UPON THE

Happy Return of his Sacred MAJESTY CHARLES the Second, &c.

AND HIS

Illuſtrious Brothers the DUKES of *YORK* and *GLOCESTER*.

With Reflections upon the Late RUMP, and their Appurtenances.

Not Forgetting his Excellency the Lord GENERAL MONCK.

By J. C. Gent.

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Mixt Poems

Partly Historical, Partly Panegyrical,

UPON THE

Happy Return of His Sacred Majesty
TO HIS KINGDOMS the Second, &c.

ALSO HIS

Illustrious Brother the DUKES of YORK
and GLOCESTER.

With Reflections upon the Late LUMPS, &
their Apparitions.

Not Forgetting his Excellency the Lord
GENERAL MONCK.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

C. Cant.

To his most Beloved Brother Captain *Gilbert Crouch.*

Good Brother, Good Brother,

IT *hath ever been the Ambition of Writers to climbe as high as they can to an Honourable patronage, even to Heaven it self, if the Nobility of the subject might Authorize the presumption; Now* Poets *rankt (especially by the more earthy part of the world) amongst the most* Airy *of* Pen-men, *are priviledg'd by common Opinion to soare up with the Highest: But my present obligations instruct me to the contrary: As* Loyalty *was the Muse inspir'd this Poem, so* Love *shall appoint the Dedication. Though my weak Muse hath sometimes borrowed the* expeditious Aids *of the press, yet not till now appeard in publique: As she never knew the triumphs of Fame, so she never felt the blushes of Dishonour, was never injurious to any person but her self. But in this subject, Secrecy hath been a kind of Combination, privacy a privative Treason; so ill do clandestine joyes become an universal* Jubilee. *That I come behind in the rear of our* Poetick Forces, *will I hope be imputed partly to my modesty; my Muse which never had been before in the open Sun-shine,*

was too weak, sighted to break the way: partly to unkind contingencies, her thoughts being conceiv'd with the first; but by some misprisions met with hard labour from the midwife of the presse. Nevertheless it will be honour enough for me, if I may Live to wait upon (as their obsequious shadows) the Heroick piens of those three Seraphims, Waller, Cowly, *and* Lluellin, *whose sudden march Alarum'd both Universities. Mine, if they come not too early, will come soon enough to blush. But in earnest I must thank the presse for a second benefit besides the manifestation of my Allegiance, that it furnisheth me with a kind occasion of acknowledging unto the ungrateful world even in* Print, *the many kindnesses I have received from so good a Brother. In fine, You, whose Heart and Sword, so long maintain'd the* Royall Cause, *are obliged to protect the Heraulds of it. Accept therefore* Good Brother, *(which compellation I prefer before all Titles) accept of this* Poem *(whose only merit is its* Subject) *as a* mark *of Loyalty to my* Prince, *and as a* Token *of my Love to* your self, *From*

Your most Affectionate Brother

John Crouch.

Upon

Upon the Happy Return of his Sacred Majesty CHARLES the Second, &c.

Hail Second Charls, who (*Our blest d Phœnix*) came
From the spic'd Ashes of a *Martyr's* name;
Welcome (Great Soul!) sent to revive the Dead;
Heavens Plant hurl'd up to graft a *Monarch's Head*.

Stopp here, and bleed my Muse---O cursed Axe!
Made victim'd Majesty, pay three Kingdomes Tax;
Mount, Mount, my Soul, Mount to another Sphere,
Leave my Dead Trunk a *Mourning Statue* here.
Death's service is too slight, will not suffice,
Our Altars ask a Living Sacrifice:
If piles of slaughter'd Souls could have appeas'd
Incensed Heaven, we long since had been eas'd,
Charles, and *three Kingdomes Life* at once return,
And chill the Ashes of that *Royal Urne*;
The Sun at the *Meridian* height appears,
Drinks up the Tribute of his Fathers Tears.

Bow, Bow, my Muse, after so long a dearth
Of Loyalty, adore and kiss the Earth,
Long *cold*, but since the Loyal *Spring* begun
Warm'd with Reflections from the *British Sun*,
Then rise and snatch, O snatch those Orient Rayes!

Twine then about thy Browes instead of Bayes;
Those Beams which Majesty for lustre weare;
I must turn Indian Priest, and Worship here,
I'm rapt above the Moon, but must not stick
So Low, am *Sunburnt*, and not *Lunatick*.
Sweat, sweat, Star-Gazers till your Hearts grow pale
You that for Lucre set the Heavens to sale,
Hang thy self *Lilly* in thy *Northern Chain*,
Thy darling *Swede* must dye, & *Charls* must Reign:
Thou, whose prædictions animated strife,
Go now (sad wretch) speak truths to save thy Life.
The Bell 'ith Strand was crackt, it now appears
When it rung *no King* for a hundred years.

Mr. Lilly *at the Bell in the Strand before severall persons proved by his Astrology that there should be no King in* England *for an hundred years.*

Fly Needham, thou ingenious Divel, fly,
Gal'd with the late Kings hellish *Hue and Cry*;
Ransack thy brest, for thy last comfort, look
On *Interest will not lye*, that Dooms-day book;
Where thou, with a malicious, Ravens pen,
Describing our *Black Prince* (the best of men)
Mad'st a false parallel twixt his *Soul* and *Face*,
Better skil'd in complexions, then in grace.
Whose two Diurnalls weekly did disperse
Venome and Rancour through the Universe;
Which stuff'd with *Mischiefs*, Flatteries, and Lies,
Poyson'd all, but the *Antidoted* Wise.
Who, when thy treasons wanted their pretence,
Kindly bestowd'st them upon providence:
Serv'dst every Interest, though with partiall Odds,
Didst worship two *Protectors*, thy two Gods.
Go black mouth'd *Cerberus*, bark a Loud and Cry,
'Tis *Conscience* will not, (*Interest may lye*)

Tremble

Tremble proud *France* which barbarously sent
Our King the second time to banishment;
Be wise in time and pawn thy *Flower de Luce*,
To purchase, not a full peace, but a truce;
For our Queens sake, perhaps we may be led
To give your Crown back for your Card'nals head:
That *Machivilian Cap*, who to advance
His private interest more then that of *France*,
Hir'd our Grand Rebell, who for his full pay,
He sent for Gold to *Hispaniola*.
The grateful *States-man* could no lesse dispense
Then the whole *Indies*, for a Recompence;
Cromwell's ambition would accept no lesse,
Then an Exchequer might be bottomlesse,
I cannot blame that *Tyrant of Rtscown*,
Who wanted Love, and Gold, to make his Crown.

Bring the *Turks Crescent* to it's lowest Wain,
Onely be good and kind to civil *Spain*;
Prompted by Heaven t' espouse the *Stuarts Right*
Spain save thy *Portugal* and *Indies* by't.
France shall no more raise with a jealous shrugg
The *Spanish* Faction for the *English* Bugg;
Nor shall our apish folly more advance
The Vanities, and Antick Modes of *France*,
Wee'l leave thee to thy fears, and cold despair,
Not to be heightned by thy purest Aire.
Though we are *Protestants*, we shall not stick
To own the *Spaniard*, *The King Catholick*:
But call thy *Red-cap* Divel, or worse man,
And scarce believe his King a Christian.
Quake at your late Auxiliaries advance,
Remember *England* h'as a King of *France*.

But

But where is *Cromwell*, once so gay and brave,
Thief of three Kingdoms, now not worth a Grave?
Where's that prodigious *Cassell*, whose strong back
Carried three Nations Treasure for it's Pack:
That *Cannibal*, that Murtherer of Souls, (Shoales.
The *Whale* that shov'd men out o'th World by
Whose rage spar'd no degree, no sex, where pride,
Would nothing that opposed it abide.

Ask poor *Tredah* the number of her slain,
Whose streets had only *Silence* to complain:
Where piles, on piles of dead, wide breaches fill'd,
Which coole blood Butcher'd, and wild fury kill'd
Dr. *Bernard.* One person (hea * *Priest*) the storm did passe,
To tell how kind the *Sacrificer* was.
Read *Worcesters* story, and you'l read the sense
Of *Cromwells* malice, and Heavens providence,
To what a low Ebb had he brought our state,
Mris. *Jane Lane.* When one * weak *Woman* stood twixt *Charls* & fate.
O may *She* never loose her Glorious name,
Unlesse it be to advance her *House* and *Fame*.

But they seem few, which horrid war distroy'd,
The Sword of justice too, must be his *Bawd*,
A Court's dress'd up in Scarlet, that the place
May shew the colour of his *Heart* and *Face*.
Three Kingdomes Head, upon the block must lye,
To give proud *Bradshaw's Robes* a second dye.
May courteous time his name and memory rott,
May the unmatch'd example be forgot,
If the day must be own'd; *O let it come*,
To consecrate the *good Kings Martyrdome*:
Vultures kill Doves, the Blood of Innocence spilt,

A King's

A Kings pure blood, by th' impure hands of Guilt:
As if that black Crime by design had meant
To give th' out vy'd world a *new President*.

Now Parliaments are summon'd, but in vain
Wise Cato's all, come in go out again.
Three Lords in one day, gently layd aside,
Offer'd as Victim's to *Nol's* bloody pride:
But the Fiends Altar is not fatted yet,
Till two *Priests* sacred blood besprinkle it,
Love, Hewet, Slingsby, many more must go,
To enlarge the book of *Martyr's Folio*.
For all this *Cromwell* breaths securely, hath
His Beds of Roses, and his milky path,
Treads Aire, and Pinnacles; thus *Cedar-tall*,
He knows no Earth, on which to stand, or fall.

But O Vicissitude of Earthly things!
Crowns, Scepters, Thrones, more mortall then their (Kings,
Oft dye before 'um, as if to be High,
Were to be chang'd, we rise, we fall, we dye;
Yet Height is no impulsive cause of ill,
We might sit high, and safe, could we sit still:
But we must move *Excentrick*, cannot see
We tread the Globe of mutability.
Honour is that great *Boon* the Gods bestow,
Their Image stampt on mortals here below:
And makes them shine like Gods on Earth, till they
Poorly their Honours to their ends betray.
Now *Vice Vestues White Herauldry* must stain,
Honour contemn'd, is mixt with Earth again,
Thus is our Ruine measur'd by our Rise,
And greatnesse brings the greater *Pracipice*.

Now are the Old Peers into Cotners thrust,
Their titles mingled with the Nations dust,
What were those Stars, when this black night begun,
Borrowing their beams from that late *Man i'th Moon*?
Now noble Stars, but Sunlesse had not Light
To view themselves, much lesse to adorn their Night:
The Heraulds office all imploy'd, to bring
Cromwells Descent down from some *British King*.

But fate prevents his pride, the *Prince o'th Aire*
With one good *Whirlwind* cures our long despair,
He that had rais'd such *Earth quakes* in his Life,
Could not depart without the Elements strife,
Trees twisted up by'th roots, and tossed high,
Sent by the winds to brush th' infected Sky.
Thus, thus, the proud *Leviathan* was hurld
With Curses, and black tempests out o'th World.

And now his grateful Vassalls when hee's dead
Put a rich Crown upon his useleſſe head,
And so ingeniously their *Mock-Prince* deride,
Emblematizing why the *poor man Dy'd*:
Who with one impious gripe three Kingdomes got,
Alas, all King, except his *Name* and *Hat*
Great *Cromwell's* gone, now *Rome* may live in hope,
Let's sing *Te Deum* for the rescued *Pope*.

But *Richard*, spurr'd on by ambitious friends
In peace the *Protectorian* Throne ascends,
With spread armes grasp'd the *Chair*, but could not reach,
He was too small (God Wot) to fill the breach.
They that so near the blessings of a Crown
Had brought the *Old Sire*, pulls the *Filly* down.

Poor

poor Squire, I pitty thy unkind advance,
Left heir to Mercy, *thy Inheritance*,
This Mercy too had far more easie been,
Had'st not possest thy Fathers *Seat*, and *Sinne*,
The Seate of *Scarnes* (our Protector call'd)
And from that Seat by thy own Vassals hal'd.

But who knows what this civil Gentleman meant?
Some say he suffer'd for this *good Intent*;
Though he the Scepter sway'd, & some months stood,
He kept his hands *white*, dipt them not in blood:
Pul'd down the Scarlet Court; good Heavens for this
May he gain pardon, and the Kings hand Kiss.

Now the restor'd *Rump*, *Jehu-like* drives on,
Scornes all *Protectors*, either God, or *Man*;
Neither confirm their Creatures, nor quite fail,
Hold the *Fanaticks* in an even Scale.
Project on project, Tax on Tax they raise,
Never had *England* such improving dayes:
For now our pious Governours, well advis'd,
Turn *Jewes*, and our Obedience circumcis'd,
Baptists and Quakers our sole Princes sway,
Scarce one Religious man left to obey:
The Orthodox to Conventicles take,
While bold *Fanaticks* the *Church Visible* make;
Who neither Anthems sing, nor Chapters read,
All inspir'd as the Worm Crawles in their Head:
Now, now the Steeples in sad trembling were,
Some with old Age and Ruine, most with fear.
Doubtlesse good luck preserv'd the merry *Bells*;
To ring in good time the Fanaticks *Knells*.

But see how natural 'tis for one to Reign
Lambert for *Lambert*; *Booth* for King again:
No sooner blaz'd a *Comet* from the East,
When with faint beams, *The Sun* declin'd 'ith West;
Without dispute the *Almighty One* then meant
To do his work by a *Single Instrument*.
Lambert, proud of a Vict'ry without Fight,
Rears his hopes to a *Protectorian Height*:
The Army gather into Mutinous Heards,
March up, and pluck their Masters by the Beards.
The *Rump* turns backwards on a fatal breach,
Rise and do reverence to the Swords approach:
But *Lambert*, spight of *Countrey*, *Rump*, and *City*
Winds up three Nations into *One Committee*,
Ycleped *Safety*; but event ere long,
Declar'd the Bastard Child was Christn'd wrong.
The *Commonwealth* is to be *Minted* new,
But what the stamp should be no *Conjurer* knew;
O *Architects* then *Babell's* more unkill'd!
Strange *Platonists*, without *Idea's* build,

Mean time new Workmen from the Scottish Land,
Prepares themselves with sharp tools in their hand:
Out from the frozen pole starts a good *Swain*,
Rigs up, and wheels *Charles* long dismounted *Wain*,
The Lambertonians shrink, refuse to *Move*,
Encourag'd by apostate friends *Above*;
Who for a little *Coin*, and lesse *applause*,
Leave their Lieutenant, and the *Good Old Cause*.

Now the *Rump* rules the Roast again 'ith East,
Serv'd up to Usher in a second *Feast*;

Up

Up marches *George*, undaunted though he find
Armies before him, Armies left behind:
Through all the awakned Counties as he went,
The Loud Aire Ecchoes, *A Free Parliament*:
The people from all parts like Snow-balls rowl;
Love and praise *Monck*, as if they knew his Soul.
No person of a *King* one word durst start,
He still keeps safe in every Loyal Heart.
Monk climbes to *London*, where he found (faire faith)
His Masters half perswaded of his Faith:
They vote their *Gold* to th' *Touch-stone*, and (O Fate!)
Send him commands to unhinge the City Gates:
But the Sagacious General smells their Ends,
(To make him odious) hastens to his Friends.
Triumphant *London* her proud Joyes expresses
In *Aclamations*, Shouts, and frank *Caresses*:
The *Rump* now fly-blown quit their seats, but thence
Shall not be forc'd by Sword or Violence:
But as the Hammer makes *Nayle* strike out *Nayle*,
So the *Secluded Head* thrusts out the *Taile*.

Now, not till now the wise *Mysterious Monck*
Whispers with *Charles* from his oraculous *Trunk*;
The General had (with Reverence I inferre)
Onely the *King* his *Privy Counceller*.
O Secrecy the Midwife of Designes!
Betray't not, but bring't forth thy Golden *Miner*,
Wrought, and sublim'd by Industry and *Art*:
Charles owes much to *Monck's Head* more to his *Heart*,
Had either *Fear* or *Joy* this *Silence* broke,
Perhaps the *Thing* it self had never *spoke*.
England had long ador'd *A George* in paint,
That was the *Picture*, but this *George* the *Saint*:

God

God acts with the same *Methods* he begun,
We had the *Shadow* first, and then the *Sun*.

Secluded Members Act, Vote their consent
For the just freedom of a *Parliament*:
They rise, when forthwith from their burdned *Hives*,
Ripe Bees swarm out, all prodigall of their *Lives*:
The bells to their new *Hive* these clusters *Ring*
Where with one *Humming Vote* they call their *King*.

Great Charles cal'd home, not manacled, nor chain'd,
But to the *Heights* of his just power maintain'd:
Monck was not so much *Presbyter* to bring
A Royal Captive home, instead of *King*,
That he himself might his return deplore
As made more *Exile* then he was before.

Charles is proclaim'd with all Imperiall *Dues*, (news.
Whilst every hollowing *Street* sends Heaven the
Such flames into the aire proud Bonfires sent,
Threatned to change *the Cognate Element*.
Event, by truth, false *Prophets* do beguile,
London was, (and yet stands,) one burning pile:
No sooty Pyramids of smoak aspire,
The whole City on Elemental fire:
Shouts damp all sounds, the Aire oppresst with *throngs*
The next great *Pest* must be *Decay of Lungs*.
The darling fire works sinsg'd the Moons bright *Horns*,
The *Man* had much a do to save his *Thornes*;
Light speaks the Sun, Expression souls; *O then!*
What Joy, what Bonefires in the Heart of *Men*,

Clip, clip your Wings, my Joy soar not too high,
Least you unfit me for *Humility*;

May

May the just *Adoration* of a *Crowne*
Humble my joyes, and weigh my Raptures down.
Great Charles, brought upon Angels wings appeares,
The long despair of pray'rs, of sighs and tears.
Welcome three Kingdomes *Love*, me thinks all three
Now in my *Hearts* triangle *panting* be.
Welcome three Brothers, and three Kingdomes *Joyes*,
One *Mighty Monarch*, and two *Great Vice-Royes*,
Welcome blest *Prince* sent in a happy hower,
Whom Heav'n restor'd to shew its slighted power;
O may your Reign bring back the *Age of Gold*
May *Love's* soft hand your Sword and Scepter hold:
Some say the Heavens, some say the Earth do move,
But sure both Globes turn on the poles of Love.

O that the whole worlds pride sat on my knee,
It all should bend to your dread Majesty:
Since loweſt things thus brave your Empire, now,
All heighrs, and Pyramids under Heav'n shall bow.

All Hearts are pleas'd, except such Hearts as prove
Gall-drencht, not born to be *belov'd* or *love*,
The *City* now, long squeez'd, and wyer drawn, made
The Citadell, and *Mart of Europe trade*:
The Ship wrackt Merchants in full *Change* resort,
Conceive both *Indies* brought home with the *Court*.
For ever *London*, shut thy *Heart* and *Hands*
Against all factious and rebellious *Bands*:
'Twas time to *King* it, when thy purse and fame
Lor'd to th' Imperious *Banck of Amsterdam*.
The *Countrey* ha's reapt a liberal crop of all
Their hopes, fancy their *Garners in whitehall*.

The

The Loyal Ruſticks ſcarce a Pſalme will ſing,
Unleſſe each ſtanza chaunt the name of *King*.
The chaſteſt Virgin's unreſpons'd, unwoo'd,
Feel *Throes* of joy, and think themſelves beſtow'd:
Law and Religion (ſick twins) gaſping lay
Now *that* proteſts *this*, while for *both* ſhe pray.
The Muſes (*O Miracle*) in their ſackcloth ſlain!
Are by *three Graces* brought to life again.
Burdens are balms; tax now, Sir, for your good,
Not our Eſtates, but Lives, nor Coyn but Blood:
Bleſt Halcyon daies! if any thing annoyes
Your Kingdomes now, 'tis that you *Kill with Joyes*,
Your return had made three Realms a *Sacrifice*,
Had not their *guilt* allay'd their *Extaſies*.

Monarch of Hearts: the ſum of Heavens Expence,
Heir by ſucceſſion, *King* by providence;
Heaven *Crown* your Wiſdom, which has quencht our *Wars*,
Not by ſubduing *Rebells* but the *Stars*.

FINIS.